

A FLORAL LOVE STORY.

Fair Harpold a maiden was. Sweet William was her lover.
 Their path was twined with Bittersweet; it did not run through Clover.
 The Ladies' Tresses raven were, her cheeks a lovely Rose.
 She wore the Lady's Slippers to warm her small pink toes.
 Her Poppy was an Elder who had a Mint of gold.
 An awful old Snopdragon to make one's blood run cold.
 His temper was like Sour Grass. His daughter's heart he'd wrung
 With words both force and flatter—he had an Adieu's Tongue.
 The lover's hair was like the Flax of pure Germanic type.
 He wore a Dutchman's Breeches; he smoked a Dutchman's Pipe;
 He sent Marshmallows by the pound and choicest Wintergreen.
 She painted him Forget-me-nots, the bluest ever seen.
 He couldn't serenade her within the Night shade dark.
 For every Thyme he tried it her father's Dog-wood bark.
 And so he set a certain day to meet at Four o'clock.
 Her face was pale as Snowdrops, even whiter than her frock.
 The lover vowed he'd Pine and die if she should say him no.
 And then he up and kissed her beneath the Mistletoe.
 "My love will Live Forever. My sweet, will you be true?"
 Give me a Little Heartsease; say only, "I love You."
 She faltered that for him alone she'd Orange Blossoms wear.
 Then away like supple Willow and tore her Maiden's hair.
 For Madam to a hornet before them stood her Pop.
 Who swore he'd Cane the fellow until he made him Pop.
 Oh, quickly to Rosemary. She cried: "You'll Run the day."
 Most cruel father. Hate, my dear, and Let-tee flee away."
 But that inhuman parent so pined his Birch rod there
 He settled all flirtation between that hapless Pair.
 The youth a monastery sought and donned a black Monkhood.
 The maid ate Poison Ivy and died within a wood.
 —Catherine Y. Glen in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE YELLOW BONNET

A yellow mist of sunshine drenched the hill slopes that faced the south and hung low upon the drowsy valleys.
 The undulant luster of the azaleas illumined the banks of the limpid streams like a cloth of gold with a cord of silver running through it, and rich clusters of gaudy golden rod were tasseled along its hem.
 The raw places on the half tilled fallows where the wintry torrents had swept were bathed in yellow accentuated by tufts of butter weed of a deeper orange.
 It was early morning among the Cohuttas, and the world was a symphony in yellow.
 Riding leisurely along the narrow road that wound through the woodlands, at a turn in the road I saw just ahead one of those quaint old apple wagons whose dingy yellow cover matched the color of the pair of shallow steers that drew it along at a snail's pace, the slumberous vehicle lurching from side to side with the rocks and ruts.
 Plodding alongside was a swarthy mountaineer, whose tawny whiskers and broad slouched hat concealed the face which he hastily and furtively turned toward me as my horse blundered over a stone.
 Now and then he would give the wheel a lift as it sank in an unusually deep rut or struck a protuberant wheelbarrow, scarred with the marks of wheeled travel.
 "Good afternoon," said I, as I checked my horse.
 "How d'ye do?" drawled the mountaineer.
 "Rather warm traveling."
 "Yaas, purty hot, but I've used to it."
 "Traveling far?"
 "Pends on what luck I have," he answered, eying me askance after the fashion of those people who are rendered suspicious by being hunted down for years and years by revenue officers.
 Just then I caught a glimpse of the face of the driver, turned full upon me, and from beneath her exaggerated buff sunbonnet her blue eyes shone with a wondering, speculative look, and her cheeks glowed with the only bit of reddening color in the sallow scene. She appeared to be a girl of 16 or 17, with a fair, healthy face framed in a mass of ruddy hair that matched in iridescent splendor one of her own mountain sunsets. It was Nancy Lee, the maiden moonshiner.
 "Are you emigrating?" I asked the man, returning to the subject and attempting to draw him out.
 "No," he said shortly, his bronzed face growing dark because of his misapprehension of my query. "I'm from Rabun county, and I've got a load of apples and cabbages. That's what I'm doin'."
 "Excuse me," I said hastily. "I did not mean to inquire into your business. I am prospecting through the country and just thought I would pass the time in a chat as we are traveling in the same direction."
 "Oh," he replied in a tone of relief. "I didn't know. So many spies and informers now days. Never can't tell. Bes' to be on a fellow's guard."
 "Do you sell many apples?"
 "Sometimes we strike a good streak and sell out. Then again we hafter drive thee to Atlanta and then peddle them out on the streets for nuthin' almos', but we manage to come out 'bout even. Don't cost any more to travel than his do to

stay at home. Neighbors don't charge one 'nother nuthin' for a little grub when they git tight run, an there's allers er grassfield handy fur the steers this time a year."
 "It is a good long drive to Atlanta."
 "Yes, fur a feller that's in a hurry. We take our time and kiver the 200 miles 'thout feelin' it. 'Bleeged to do sump'n, ye know. We live 40 miles from the highest railroad, an the miles is mighty long hoo the Cohuttas, whar it's up hill all the way thar and back," and a feeble attempt at a smile gave his wrinkled face a grotesque expression.
 "Pretty hard to make a living under such circumstances, eh?"
 "Yes, purty tough; but, ye see we don't need much. We raise a few cattle in the mountains, an our cabbages an pertaters an our cawn crop—but thar ain't no money in cawn."
 "How about making moonshine of it?"
 "I don't know a cussed thing 'bout that," he replied, his face darkening again. "Ef ye wanten fin' out anythin' 'bout blockade, go to them blasted revenue detectors. They're the ones what does the devilment an packs it off on us poor farmers—daburn 'em—jist to git thar costs. Every infernal son of a sarpiant un 'em orter be hung."
 Again the bright eyes of the maiden in front were turned upon me, and a quick movement of her right hand disclosed the gleaming barrel of a Winchester rifle concealed under a part of the wagon cover.
 "Well, I have nothing to do with that," said I in a conciliating way, "only I believe they ought to leave you alone. It is a small matter for a big government to make such a fuss over."
 "Ye're jist cayreot, stranger. It is a mighty small thing. Ef they knowed how hard it is to make a livin in these mountains, they'd be easier on us, and ef they'd 'low us to still our cawn an apples we could put in a few jugs what'd load down a wagon, an we could sell it out quicker an git our money back, but they won't let us alone. Informers is as thick as fiddlers in a bad place. They're meaner by a durned sight than the revenue fellers. People didn't useter cheep on one 'nother, but ther's so durned many un 'em gone over to the Yankees now tell ye can't giner'ly tell jist who is an who isn't."
 "W'y, when my dady fus come to Geowgy ther wa'n't no revenue, an a feller could make jist as much lickas he wanted to, an it war good truck, too, an none of your fightin pizen."
 "He useter sell it at fo' bits a gallon an made money on it. Now, here I am, hafter haul a load of apples an cabbages hundreds o' miles over the mountains an don't git pay for the feed o' my steers if I hafter buy it. I hearn a feller readin in the Derlonegy paper t'other day 'bout them pertection an free trade schemes of the politicians. Them's jist what we fellers needs, an ef I ever oyast another ballit it'll be fur the man what's fur pertection an free trade. Ef the government'll pertect us an give us free trade, we don't care a dod rot fur no outside compytition. We kin read the Declaration of Independence then shore."
 "But free trade and protection are different things. They are just opposite."
 "That may be so in your neck o' the woods, but we need both in Rabun county, an the man what runs on that ticket'll carry every single vote in my deestriot, an it's a big un, reachin' f'om Little Hiawasse to the Tennessee line."
 "Is there any mining going on in your section?" I asked to change the subject a little.
 "No, sirree; no minin. Most o' the men who owns land in my deestriot have got their land posted. When Jim Rankin war in Atlanta fas' fall he seed cyards stuck up in some of the windows o' the groceries what read, 'No minors allowed in here,' an he begged a feller out'n one un 'em, an he kerried it home to Rabun, an his neighbors said it war jist the kink an had some struck off, an most in ginerly now you'll see thar lands posted, 'No minors allowed in here.' It works well, fur we ain't pestered with them now. W'y, one feller had the impydenoe to cuss President Buchanan fur a Know Nuthin, an we resented it, an Jim Rankin, as cheerman o' the community, give 'im jist till sun up to git out, an he got."
 "Why do you object to the minors?"
 "Because while they ain't no blockade lickin' in them regions yit the men Jim Rankin bo'ied with in Atlanta said the reason they put up them cyards war beca'se the minors'd come in there an drink ther lickin' an then go an cheep on 'em, an they give 'em fa'r wa'nin to stay out. So we wanted to pertect ourselves in case some un accidentally discovered a drop of blockade, an we don't want no minors nosin' round to play the informer on us."
 "Hold up, you there!" came in stinging command, and two horse-

men dashed up from behind with rifles leveled at the mountaineer, and a buggy with two other men followed furiously.
 "Stop that wagon!" cried one who appeared to be the leader. "You've got it aboard. You're a good one, Lem Durden, but we've got the evidence this time."
 I caught a glimpse of the buff sunbonnet as the wearer disappeared in a haze thick with the roadside unobserved by the new arrivals and the gleam of the rifle barrel which she held in her hands as she made good her escape. I knew that there was some mischief afoot, for I had not forgotten Nancy Lee.
 With an air of sullen vindictiveness the mountaineer stood aside, while the revenue officers began to rummage about among the apples and cabbages.
 "Here, Joe, help me with this keg. It's applejack for a million. Here's a couple of fat jugs of the regular mountain dew. Here's t'other keg. Pretty well heeled, eh, Lemuel? Well, you'll get to Atlanta a good deal quicker than you would with these yaller oxen. Your way will be paid, and you'll get to ride in the first class car, Lemuel. How do you like that, old boss?"
 The mountaineer said never a word, but there was a grim smile on his rugged features that boded no good for the captors.
 "Here, Joe," said the chief deputy, "you and Jasper take charge of the wagon. We'll take Lem to Dalton and catch the train. Be careful now and bring in the truck. You know Trammell is mighty careful how we manage those things. Let's all have a snifter, however, before we break up. Stranger," turning to me for the first time, "would you like a drink of the real truck?"
 I politely declined, and bidding them good day rode on toward Spring Place, whither I was bound.
 As I crossed the Amicolola river I cast a glance of wonder and admiration on the awesome beauty of the somber scenery brought out in strong relief by the yellow flood of light from the declining sun which ebbed and flowed around the craggy cliffs, all festooned with drooping laurel and rhododendron.
 Suddenly from the depths of the glen I thought I caught a glimpse of a yellow sunbonnet and one swift gleam of two blue eyes ablaze with wrathful excitement, but as the vision was but for an instant I charged it up to my overwrought imagination.
 Reaching the mountain village, I entered the hotel, and after an exchange of greetings and a polite excuse for refusing a proffered snifter I sat down in the chair of state on the long piazza to rest my wearied limbs.
 Pretty soon I observed an unwonted stir about the courthouse, and strolling over there in the deepening twilight I saw in the center of an interesting circle one of the heroes of the episode of the afternoon. He was bareheaded, and the blood was dripping from a wound in the forehead made by a bullet.
 "Yes," he said, panting with fatigue, "we arrested Lem Durden, but he got clear away. We overtook him about three miles beyond Amicolola river an found three kegs and half a dozen jugs mixed up in the load of apples and cabbages. Joe Green an Jasper Hicks were left to fetch the wagon, an me an Johnson an old Lem got in the buggy an started to Dalton."
 "We all took several drinks around afore we broke up an war feelin' purty good, laffin at old Lem, as we drove into the ford of the Amicolola."
 "Jist as we riz the bank this side the firn begun. Ther' must a' been a dozen, fur the bullets whistled permiscuously. The hoss wheeled round an dashed across the river, fignin us all out, an old Lem scrambled up the river bank an disappeared in the lorril bushes."
 "Johnson's hurt bad, shot through the shoulder. I got a swipe in the arm, an I guess it'll be sore for some time."
 "No, we didn't see a soul an didn't hear a word said, but, my God, how the bullets did whistle!"
 Over the distant barrier of the mountains up leaped the queen of the night, flooding the earth with the golden glory of the harvest moon. Then I thought of the flaring yellow sunbonnet and the blazing blue eyes that I had caught a glimpse of at the crossing of the Amicolola. It was the finishing touch of my "symphony in yellow."—Atlanta Constitution.

YACHTING ETIQUETTE.

Rules Governing the Conduct and Attention of Pleasure Boats.

The yachtman called on me one day this week, and we talked boating.
 "Etiquette of the yacht is as severe a code as I know," said he. "I have been a yachtman for 25 years, and in rowing past a boat I can tell whether she is in charge of a yachtman or a fisherman. A fisherman can sail your boat and keep her shipshape, but she will still look like a mackerelman."
 "I remarked that there is no etiquette more rigid than the etiquette of yacht life. Any yachtman can tell by the way a boat rounds to in a fleet and comes to anchor whether the skipper is to yacht's deck born or whether he has stubbed around in a coaster and drawn the lines over a fisherman. It is just the same as in a ballroom. You can tell the novice."
 "Take the etiquette of flags. Of course the owner has his private signal, either square, swallow tail or triangular. Then he will have his club pennant and of course the regular yacht flag. Other flags are for decorative purposes."
 "If he is cruising, he carries the yacht flag (an ensign with a foul anchor in blue in place of the stars) flying at the peak. If he is lying in port, he flies the yacht flag at the flagstaff above the boom on the taffrail, or if he has no flagstaff he has it on a leader to the topping lift. When the owner is aboard, the owner's signal is flying. When he is ashore, a blue flag should fly at the crossstrees on the starboard side. When he is at his meals, fly a white square flag in place of the blue. When the crew is at table, fly little triangular red flag on the port side. A schooner yacht always flies both the yacht club and private signals."
 "Steamers come under the general rule of sailing craft so far as etiquette goes. We were passing Mr. Morgan's magnificent steam yacht, the Corsair, last season. I was directed to blow the whistle to salute."
 "It was my plain duty to obey, although I knew it to be contrary to the rules of the New York Yacht club. The Corsair dipped her flag in reply. Mr. Vanderbilt was on board our boat, and he asked me why the Corsair did not answer the salute."
 "She did, sir," said I. "It is not a salute to blow a whistle. The only recognized salute is by the flag. It is not good yachting form to blow a whistle at another boat."
 "When we came in, we steamed alongside the Corsair, and Mr. Vanderbilt went aboard, presented his compliments and explanations."
 "I know no life with more of romance and adventure, year in and year out, than the life of a yachtman, and I have lived to see the schooner yacht practically displaced by the sloop and the English steamer with the size and appointments of a ship become the fashion of the very wealthy. I sailed years ago the sloop Coming, one of the biggest sloops in American waters—the marvel and the monster. How long do you suppose she was over all? Less than 80 feet."—Lexington Journal.

How Diaz Painted Nature.

He has worked lovingly and searchingly over the remote woody haunt in which his figures stand, and now, with the coming of those enchanted and enchanting visitors, he lets his love of gorgeous hues spring out and have free play. Tube after tube he empties upon the palette, brush after brush is snatched up by his nimble fingers. Even then the color will not come swiftly enough, and the palette knife is called into service. The paint goes on in layers, and the silvery flash of the dryad which he paints grows warmer and firmer, the flowers in her hair grow brighter, the drapery flung from her shoulder takes in one bold, passionate stroke a quivering life of color into its texture, and the picture is complete, the record of an inspiration begun in meditative contemplation of a lovely scene and developed further and further until the fervor of the artist rises into a species of happy intoxication, and you get the ravishing art which makes Diaz a master.—Royal Cortissoz in Century.

Coast Defenses Unnecessary.

"It is perfectly fascinating," Maud exclaimed, "to read about the proceedings of congress."
 "I suppose it is interesting," Mamie answered with a sigh, "but it's rather hard to understand."
 "Yes, but that's where the enjoyment comes. You find out so many things. I never realized until a short time ago how greatly we are in need of coast defenses."
 "I don't think we need them at all," Mamie replied with emphasis.
 "Why, of course, we do."
 "I know better. A brake is only in the way. If you come to a hill so steep you are afraid to coast it with one foot on the front tire, the only thing to do is to get off your bicycle and walk."
 And Maud admitted that that was a view of the subject that had not been presented to her.—Washington Star.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY			
(In Kentucky.)			
SHORTEST ROUTE			
—Between—			
Louisville and Lexington.			
Schedule in Effect May 18, 1895.			
Eastbound.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Lv. Louisville	7:45am	3:00pm	5:00pm
Ar. Shelbyville	8:15am	3:30pm	5:30pm
Ar. Lawrenceburg	8:45am	4:00pm	6:00pm
Ar. Versailles	9:15am	4:30pm	6:30pm
Ar. Lexington	9:45am	5:00pm	7:00pm
Westbound.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Lv. Lexington	4:00pm	7:45am	9:45am
Ar. Versailles	4:30pm	8:15am	10:15am
Ar. Lawrenceburg	5:00pm	8:45am	10:45am
Ar. Shelbyville	5:30pm	9:15am	11:15am
Ar. Louisville	6:00pm	9:45am	11:45am
Trains Nos. 1 and 2 carry Free Observation Chair Cars.			
Eastbound.	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Lv. Louisville	3:00pm	7:45am	9:45am
Ar. Lawrenceburg	3:30pm	8:15am	10:15am
Ar. Versailles	4:00pm	8:45am	10:45am
Ar. Lexington	4:30pm	9:15am	11:15am
Westbound.	No. 13.	No. 14.	No. 15.
Lv. Lexington	4:00pm	7:45am	9:45am
Ar. Versailles	4:30pm	8:15am	10:15am
Ar. Lawrenceburg	5:00pm	8:45am	10:45am
Ar. Shelbyville	5:30pm	9:15am	11:15am
Ar. Louisville	6:00pm	9:45am	11:45am
Eastbound.	No. 16.	No. 17.	No. 18.
Lv. Louisville	7:45am	3:00pm	5:00pm
Ar. Shelbyville	8:15am	3:30pm	5:30pm
Ar. Lawrenceburg	8:45am	4:00pm	6:00pm
Ar. Versailles	9:15am	4:30pm	6:30pm
Ar. Lexington	9:45am	5:00pm	7:00pm
Westbound.	No. 19.	No. 20.	No. 21.
Lv. Lexington	4:00pm	7:45am	9:45am
Ar. Versailles	4:30pm	8:15am	10:15am
Ar. Lawrenceburg	5:00pm	8:45am	10:45am
Ar. Shelbyville	5:30pm	9:15am	11:15am
Ar. Louisville	6:00pm	9:45am	11:45am

Louisville & Nashville R. R.			
(KENTUCKY CENTRAL DIV.)			
Schedule in effect Jan. 28, 1894.			
South Bound.	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Lv. Cincinnati	8:11 a.m.	7:55 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
Lv. Covington	8:19 a.m.	8:03 p.m.	8:11 p.m.
Lv. Falmouth	8:48 a.m.	8:32 p.m.	8:40 p.m.
Lv. Cyathonia	10:43 a.m.	8:50 p.m.	8:58 p.m.
Lv. Paris	11:18 a.m.	10:15 p.m.	9:23 p.m.
Ar. Lexington	12:10 p.m.	10:50 p.m.	9:58 p.m.
North Bound.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.
Lv. Cincinnati	11:25 a.m.	10:35 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
Ar. Winchester	12:10 p.m.	10:55 p.m.	8:11 p.m.
Ar. Richmond	1:30 p.m.	11:45 p.m.	8:28 p.m.
Lv. Richmond	1:35 p.m.	11:48 p.m.	8:31 p.m.
Lv. Berea	3:30 p.m.	12:07 a.m.	8:57 p.m.
Ar. Lexington	4:25 p.m.	1:05 a.m.	9:04 p.m.
Lv. Lexington	4:30 p.m.	1:10 a.m.	9:09 p.m.
Lv. London	5:30 p.m.	2:17 a.m.	9:34 p.m.
Ar. Corbin	6:25 p.m.	2:55 a.m.	9:59 p.m.
Lv. Corbin	6:30 p.m.	3:00 a.m.	10:04 p.m.
Lv. Barboursville	8:20 p.m.	3:52 a.m.	10:30 p.m.
Lv. Pineville	8:50 p.m.	4:20 a.m.	10:40 a.m.
Lv. Middleborough	9:40 p.m.	5:10 a.m.	11:30 a.m.
Ar. Cumberland Gap	9:55 p.m.	5:25 a.m.	11:45 a.m.
Ar. Harrogate	10:00 p.m.	5:30 a.m.	11:50 a.m.
Ar. Knoxville	10:00 p.m.	5:30 a.m.	11:50 a.m.

MAYSVILLE BRANCH			
North Bound.	No. 2.	No. 13.	No. 14.
Lv. Cincinnati	8:05 a.m.	8:11 p.m.	8:11 p.m.
Lv. Covington	8:11 a.m.	8:17 p.m.	8:17 p.m.
Lv. Lexington	7:00 a.m.	8:23 p.m.	8:23 p.m.
Lv. Paris	8:08 a.m.	8:29 p.m.	8:29 p.m.
Ar. Mayfield	8:27 a.m.	8:33 p.m.	8:33 p.m.
Ar. Mayfield	8:50 a.m.	8:40 p.m.	8:40 p.m.
South Bound.	No. 9.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Lv. Mayfield	5:42 a.m.	1:45 p.m.	1:45 p.m.
Lv. Johnson	6:20 a.m.	2:23 p.m.	2:23 p.m.
Lv. Carlisle	7:08 a.m.	3:08 p.m.	3:08 p.m.
Lv. Millersburg	7:22 a.m.	3:22 p.m.	3:22 p.m.
Ar. Paris	7:45 a.m.	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.
Ar. Lexington	8:35 a.m.	4:35 p.m.	4:35 p.m.
Ar. Covington	10:24 a.m.	5:24 p.m.	5:24 p.m.
Ar. Cincinnati	10:30 a.m.	5:30 p.m.	5:30 p.m.

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WEST BOUND.			
No. 27	6:25 a.m.	Local, Cincinnati connection	
No. 21	7:05 a.m.	Fast Train Louisville	
No. 25	2:25 p.m.	Local, Cincinnati	
No. 23	4:50 p.m.	Fast Train Louisville	
EAST BOUND.			
No. 26	9:30 a.m.	Local to Morehead	
No. 22	12:25 p.m.	New York Limited.	
No. 28	7:00 p.m.	Local to Mt. Sterling	
No. 24	9:34 p.m.	New York Express	

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TIME CARD

IN EFFECT APRIL 1st, 1896.

Bound.	No. 1.	No. 5.
" Jackson	6:00 a.m.	6:10 a.m.
" Beattyville	6:30 a.m.	6:40 a.m.
" Beattyville Junction	7:03 a.m.	7:13 a.m.
" Natural Bridge	7:28 a.m.	7:38 a.m.
" Clay City	8:19 a.m.	8:29 a.m.
" Fairlie	8:54 a.m.	9:04 a.m.
" Winchester	9:40 a.m.	9:50 a.m.
Ar. Lexington	10:50 a.m.	11:00 a.m.

GOING EAST	No. 2.	No. 6.
Lv. Lexington	2:20 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
" Winchester	3:07 p.m.	3:17 p.m.
" Fairlie	3:21 p.m.	3:31 p.m.
" Clay City	3:55 p.m.	4:05 p.m.
" Natural Bridge	4:27 p.m.	4:37 p.m.
" Beattyville Junction	5:16 p.m.	5:26 p.m.
Ar. Beattyville	5:40 p.m.	5:50 p.m.
Ar. Jackson	6:20 p.m.	6:30 p.m.

Connection made with B. & C. G. Railway at Beattyville Junction for Beattyville.
 J. D. LIVINGSTON, Vice Pres. & Gen. Man.
 CHAS. SCOTT, G. P. A.

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